

THE NORTH YORK SENTINEL.

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DIRECTORY.

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At 6.30 A.M.	At 6.30 A.M.
At 8.30 A.M.	At 8.30 A.M.
At 10.30 A.M.	At 10.30 A.M.
At 12.30 P.M.	At 12.30 P.M.
At 2.30 P.M.	At 2.30 P.M.
At 4.30 P.M.	At 4.30 P.M.
At 6.30 P.M.	At 6.30 P.M.

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THE MONTREAL WITNESS.

Weekly Review & Family Newspaper.

The Witness is divided into the following columns:—First page, News; second and third pages, articles selected from a great variety of the best English, American and Canadian papers—fourth and fifth pages, Editorial and communicated articles and paragraphs—sixth page, Mothers' department, Young Men's department, and Agricultural department—seventh page, Miscellaneous, consisting of poetry, religious and useful articles and extracts—eighth page, Commercial intelligence, prices current and advertisements.

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The Witness is published on Wednesday morning in time for the early mails, and the price per annum is \$1 1-2; if sent to the office daily in advance, 10s. Five copies will be sent to one address for \$8. All communications are to be sent to JOHN DOUGALL, Witness Office, Montreal.

Jan. 2, 1856.

POETRY.

ANGEL MUSIC.

When twilight weeps 'neath her azure veil,
And the sweet flowers sigh as the day grows pale,
Then an angel comes on her silvery wings;
And a golden harp in her hand she brings;
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I hush my breath while the angel sings.

Oh! the love-rays fall from her dew-dimmed eye,
Like the soft star-beams from the twilight sky,
And the fons my brow with her fragrant whisp,
While she gently strokes on the golden strings
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I weep for joy while the angel sings!

Like the soft south wind when he weds the flowers,
Like the glad bird's note in the love-wreathed bowers,
Like the thrilling sigh of the wind's harp strings,
Are the rapture tones that the angel sings!
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I dream of love while the angel sings!

Like the plaintive voice of the mourning dove,
Like the wild, wild wail of the heaving dove,
Like the words that sweep on the night-wind's wings,
Is the strange sad song that the angel sings!
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I weep for joy while the angel sings!

Then a lofty strain on the rich harp swells,
And the soul of bliss in its music dwells,
And the tide of rapture on the glowing strings
Flows fresh and free from the Eden Springs!
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I dream of Heaven while the angel sings!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[ORIGINAL.]

A Boating Tour on Lake Superior.

In the month of August 1854, when the cholera stalked about the streets of Toronto, in its most virulent form, a party of gentlemen, including the writer, escaped from the pestilential atmosphere, and were one fine morning safely deposited by the cars upon the sweet shores of Lake Simcoe at Bell Ewart.

The little steamer *Morning* stood at the pier expressing its satisfaction at our arrival in a most boisterous blowing off of steam. Carefully putting aboard our fishing tackle and other appurtenances, we went on deck, and after a most delightful sail around this charming lake, we entered through the Narrows into Lake Couchiching, and soon landed at Orillia.

Here we found every available vehicle pressed into the service of passengers for Lake Huron. The road from Orillia to Sturgeon Bay in Lake Huron, or as it was generally called, the "portage," was one of the wildest, roughest, crookedest, mosquito-abounding, patience-exhausting thoroughfares that could be imagined—as many will testify who have had occasion to travel it.

It was dark ere we reached the miserable hovel of an Inn, at the portage. A fitful gleam of the moon struggling through dark clouds portentous of a wet morrow, would occasionally exhibit the steamer *Haddock*, lying in stately repose at her wharf, beautiful amid the wild scenery of Sturgeon Bay.

We struck a bargain with the steward, and secured a comfortable berth on board. After a jolly smoke on deck, our eyes wandering about the savage scenery around us, while we discussed things in general, we all turned in, sleeping soundly until the jarring of the engine awoke us next morning ploughing up the remarkably transparent waters of Lake Huron.

We touched at Peretanguishene, so called from the promontory of "falling sand" not far distant. The entrance to the harbor is very pretty. I think it a thousand pities that this place has not been selected for the terminus of the Northern Railroad, it is the best military station on the lake, the harbor is a magnificent one, and the town appears well populated. The barracks were empty. It is a sad sight to see such fine stone buildings erected at so much cost, now going to decay.

We touched at Owen Sound which also has a fine harbor, and will I doubt not yet be the rival of Collingwood. Taking with us the Engineer to ensure our not being left, we went to have a look at the town, which is situated between two hills, on a sort of a plain that might have been formerly the bed of an arm of the lake. A substantial court house and jail are prominent objects, altogether it appeared to be a place of some importance. We returned and continued our voyage, touching at divers places with unpronounceable names. One of these, or Manitoulin Island, was a picturesque sight, a neck of land jutting into the lake was covered with tents and wigwags of all sizes and descriptions, canoes lined the shore, some turned up, some launched ready for use. Here and there were congregated troops of Indians, their wild costume, varying for the manner of the tastes of the wearers. Government distributes presents here every year to the Indians. They had now assembled from all parts of British North America to receive them. From Lake Superior, from the Lake of the woods from the far north, where, except the employees of the Hudsons Bay Company, or travellers like the lamented Sir John Franklin, whites are seldom seen, The *Kabonah* was a wonderful piece of mechanism for these people to behold, old warriors came down to the shore to gaze at her—old warriors who had perhaps scalped their victims long ere steam power had been dreamt of—meek red women squatted on their haunches and modestly viewed us at a distance, while all smiled welcome in the same manner as their ancestors had done many years ago upon the first intruding white man.

Lake Huron narrows into a kind of river at a place whose name I am afraid to write it consists of so many syllables. And the scenery is very pretty all the way up to

SAULT STE MARIE.

Here Lake Superior discharges its surplus waters over a rapid of about half a mile in length, into Lake Huron. There is excellent trout fishing in this rapid. On the American side is a garrison with a few artillerymen, a small town which has an imposing appearance from the river, and a canal, at the time I wrote of, was nearly completed, joining the two lakes. On the British side there is nothing worth mentioning except the Hudsons Bay Company's Station, a Custom House, and Pimm's comfortable hotel. The British side possesses the greatest natural advantages. (Indeed where do we not possess them in Canada?) Yet everything is stagnant. Here is where the canal should have been, and would have been too if Mr. Hincks had had the welfare of the Province at heart. The work might have been built at less cost than on the American side, while the Sault would now have been a place to boast of. [When shall we place men in power who have at heart the interest of the Province and not their own personal aggrandizement?]

One or two days halt at Pimm's hotel sufficed for making the necessary

PREPARATIONS FOR THE VOYAGE.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, contemplating a similar excursion, it will not be amiss perhaps to mention some of the articles necessary to the outfit for a Lake Superior boating voyage. A good tent large enough to comfortably hold the party; the boatmen provide their own, or else turn up the boat on shore which makes a capital shelter. Cotton I think is preferable to canvas, being quite strong enough, and less heavy to carry in the boat, a great consideration, if there is much pulling to be done. An oil cloth or tarpaulin to lay on the grass or boughs (which are more or less damp in all weather,) inside the tent is a *sine qua non*, besides it affords excellent protection to the cargo in rainy weather.

To the luxurious I would recommend an India rubber couch, which can be inflated when required; sleeping on the hard ground might not be relished by every tourist; a box not too wide for the boat to hold the plates and cups, (which should be of tin,) and other necessary articles, a bottle or two of good pickles will be a great relish when miles away from any human abode, a tin pail or kettle for heating water, a coffee pot, a bag of biscuit, a small sack of flour, waxes candles to light the tent at night, and a small keg of good brandy. Also I would suggest a few simple medicines to provide against sickness, which a voracious appetite and abundance of delicious trout for its gratification are almost sure to bring on.

There are many other things which might be added, as the taste of the tourist suggests.

OUR VOYAGE.

Hiring Pimm's small Mackinaw boat, i. e. a boat with high prow and stern, and engaging two fine strapping Anglo-Franco Indian boatmen, who were delighted at the prospect of such a cruise, we commenced our voyage. Sending the boat up the rapids with the men we walked across the portage, stopping at the Hudsons Bay Company's store to buy blanket coats and other warm clothing with which to face the cold, for we found we had miscalculated the state of the atmosphere in this region. A short walk brought us to the other, or Lake Superior side, of the portage, when we sat down and enjoyed a smoke, shot pigeons—or eat strawberries provided us by a hospitable squaw, whilst the boatmen were accomplishing their tedious task. About one or two o'clock they hailed us, we got aboard and embarked. Above the Sault, Lake Superior narrows into a river, like Lake Huron below. The lake itself is not seen until "Gros Cap," a frowning bluff, (of green porphyry, I believe,) is rounded. A favourable breeze was blowing, so we hoisted our sails and made rapid progress. We neared a small island on which one of our men resided. Here we stopped whilst he added some necessary articles to our sailing tackle. We were greeted by the friendly Islanders, who were in the midst of their *hazy nunkies*. (In August.) One of them an old voyageur told us our "carriage was rather small," meaning our boat, a fact which had before made itself uncomfortably apparent. There were six able-bodied men, besides a stock of provisions for two weeks, to say nothing of the sails, crowded into a boat calculated to accommodate four. However the Rubicon was passed now, so that away amid cries of "bon voyage, bon voyage," and soon were at Point aux Pins a low sandy point covered with handsome grass. Up the river we continued until Gros Cap was neared, and rounded, "Voilà le lac Superior," exclaimed our boatmen, and we beheld for the first time, that magnificent lake, which might with truth be termed a great inland sea. Darkness was now approaching and we ran into a small inlet amid huge rocks, against which a gathering storm was lashing the foaming surge with increasing violence. We found an Indian and his family occupying the same harbor, his canoe hauled up on shore. The men soon pitched our tent, kindled a fire, and we cooked our supper, purchasing therefore some splendid fish which our friend the Indian had just caught. It now began to rain, our tent however, sheltered us. One of our boatmen produced a pack of cards, (which is ever to be found in the voyageur's pocket in the company of a Catholic bible.) We found now that we had forgotten a most necessary article, candles. Our men poked up the fire however which illuminated our tent, and despite the rain and general discomfort outside, we were a cosy group, as we smoked and laughed and talked, until our boatmen looked themselves to their shelter, and we to the land of dreams. We were snug asleep by the low monotonous song of the Indian family, accompanied with a devil's tattoo performed by the urlicus fest on the canoe's bottom. Thus ended our first day on Lake Superior.

We were awake bright and early next morning, replaced our valuables in the boat,

and embarked, coasting along the north shore, occasionally seeing some fine scenery. This day turned out very disagreeable, the rain pelted down so unmercifully, that our India rubber coats and oil skin afforded but insufficient protection. The fog became so thick, that a close proximity to the shore became absolutely necessary, as we were without a compass. We therefore made no "traverse" i. e. when we came to *Gros Cap* which is very wide in the mouth we did not steer directly across for the opposite side. Indeed it was hardly visible in the fog, but went in until we were sure of not missing it and then pulled for the other shore. We reached *Maple Island* late in the afternoon. A debate as to whether we should encamp there for the night, or continue our voyage farther, was decided very abruptly by a storm suddenly springing up, becoming so severe that notwithstanding the protection afforded by the island, it required our whole united force to pull the boat in. The wind actually threatened to blow the oar from one's hand, if he neglected to feather it.

MAPLE ISLAND.

Is a beautiful little islet, of about two miles in circumference, thickly covered, as its name implies, with maple trees, and girt around with a coast of red pebbles, and a rocky shore on the Lake side. It is the usual camping ground of all voyageurs—so much has it been used that it was difficult to procure dry wood. Our men, whose strength appeared inexhaustible, soon however brought great dead limbs on their shoulders, an old rotten stump in one hand, and I am afraid to say how many logs under their arms, lest I should be disbelieved. A roaring fire soon blazed. Our clothes were hung on a pole before it to dry. Our supper quickly despatched, and, snug in our tent, we became jolly, which, as Mark Tapley would say, was creditable under the circumstances. We dropped to sleep amid the noise of the storm surrounding our islet, as easily as if we were luxuriously couched in a palace.

MICA BAY.

Next morning on awakening we found the storm had abated, though the rain still continued. It was surprising how soon we became accustomed to rain. After breakfast we got under way. This day we had excellent sport catching no less than seven large salmon trout with our trolling hook. No bait is required. The line is put out astern; soon a feebly jerk gives you notice to pull in; do this steadily until the fish approaches the boat. He makes a desperate splash to get free; a little management will bring him alongside; now hoist him over the side. The fun then becomes exciting. To catch him and put an end to his struggles is no easy task; the chances are great that he will jump over the side and be off again. After enjoying for a while our futile attempts at capture, one of the boatmen seized Mr. Trout by the neck and by a dexterous blow over the gunwale relieved us from further splashing, and the fish from misery. We soon became expert however, and before the evening one was secured no longer our boatmen's assistance. We crossed this morning the mouth of Batchawana Bay, landing on the other side to dine. So ferociously hungry were we, that our patience was utterly exhausted ere our splendid salmon were cooked, and some of us were made ill in consequence. Embarking again, we met a few straggling Indians in their canoes, past the pretty Indian Village of Maministiquia. The day which had been wet until now, became fine; we went ashore to explore the rocks and small caverns abounding here. And as we roved over the calm surface of the lake had the opportunity of admiring the long veins of quartz which run out under the water to a great distance, branching out like a rivulet of silver with numberless tributaries. We could plainly see the bottom many fathoms deep. Lake Superior's water is wonderfully transparent, and cold as that of any spring. We stopped for a short time at a pretty little bay with white sandy beach, where the Montreal Mining Company have a station in charge of a Cornwall man, and his son who had been in the Guards, but had been bought off by the old man. A few Canadians, an old Indian with a wild bushy head of hair resembling a sudden discharge of serpents from a fire work, or a bunch of corkscrews, and his family—formed the remaining inhabitants of the place. The old Cornwall man and his son were glad to hear from the world, asking us about events that had long since been forgotten where we came from. In the evening we reached Mica Bay—a most romantic and beautiful scene from the lake. It was here that disturbances some few years since took place between the Indians and the Miners. One of our boatmen was implicated in the affair, and gave us a full account of the melee, and his capture and imprisonment. There are many well-built houses here going to decay. The Copper Mines in the neighbourhood, after an immense outlay by the Company in getting them into good working order, were, for want of funds, I believe, abandoned. Each brick of the furnace cost at Mica Bay a quarter of a dollar. It was most painful to see everything abandoned to destruction. We encamped on shore. The only tenantable house was occupied by an American and his party returning to the Sault after an absence from the world since May. He had not heard from the world since May. The mosquitoes were so troublesome at Mica Bay, that we did not sleep well. Next morning one of our party feigning illness, or perhaps really unwell, applied to brother Jonathan for a seat in his boat, announcing his determination to return; his friend not wishing to leave him applied for a passage also, both were accommodated. Our party was now dwindled down to two and the boatmen. This produced a damper on our spirits. Nevertheless we resolved to continue on our originally determined voyage to Michipicottan, and setting out in a still breeze, which soon became a rattling gale, notwithstanding we reached Montreal River, whose mouth is guarded on either side by huge

rocks, affording good harborage. We pitched our tent on a high pebbly beach, thrown up in some dreadful storm, and ascended the river for a view of the

MONTREAL RIVER FALLS.

The water of the Montreal River, though transparent is of a dark murky color. Our boatmen pushed us up the shallow part of the rapids until we reached a narrow gorge with high perpendicular walls of granite, nearly excluding the light of heaven.

Through this dark gorge the river (here very deep) rushes in silent swiftness. Our boatmen getting aboard, we succeeded in dragging her up against the current by clinging to the rock and pulling with all our strength. By dint of great exertion they held on while we view the sublime scene around us. High, high up before us the Montreal River takes its first fearful leap. The black volume of water ere it reaches its first basin is dashed into white foam. It lingers but an instant, rushes over the rock, then down the third, the fourth, then subsides into its original darkness and flows swiftly and silently underneath us through the gorge, black as Achéron. The light of day is nearly shut out by the rocky walls on either side, before us all is foam and grandeur. The fall is not a very large one, but surpasses all I have seen, in magnificence. The forest around is wild and impassable, indeed many of the trees actually grow out of the rock on the river's edge. A few sharp flashes of lightning quickly followed by peals of thunder warned us to return. The men let go. Away we shot through the defile, down the rapid below, into the open river and soon reached our tent. We found that in great danger of being lifted up into the air and carried by the wind into the lake. Gathering great stones and placing them on the ropes we made all secure. A terrific storm of thunder and lightning unaccompanied by rain, howled about us all night. Thrice we removed the fire which threatened our tent, and as often the wind shifted. Lake Superior was a sight to behold—great waves like those of the ocean lashed the rocks at the river's mouth, dashing the spray high in the air. Breakers and white caps could be seen far out in the darkness. Angry lightning incessantly lit up the sky as it madly quenched its fury in the deep. Peal upon peal of thunder awoke the echoes of the forest who returned the salute quickly. It was a fearful night.

Next morning was fine, but still a remnant of last night's storm agitated the lake. Here my only comrade became ill and in low spirits, and wished to return. I coincided with him that it would be foolish to continue our voyage with our party so diminished, and despite the angry swell we put out on our

RETURN VOYAGE.

When we had pulled out into the lake we found the waves much higher than we anticipated; however our party was less numerous, and our boat not too heavily laden. Before we reached the shelter of Maministiquia, our situation became critical, and fully tested the sea-going qualities of our boat. When we reached Maministiquia, fatigued and out of spirits, and finding the gale steadily increasing, we landed. I shot a robin, which proved a great delicacy to my invalided companion. In the evening we pulled down under shelter of the Islands to our friend the Cornwall Miner, giving up all hopes of proceeding further during the gale. Our boatmen soon found amusement at cards with the miners—whilst ourselves and our Cornwall friends viewed the mines. Being Sunday the old man invited us to join him in some Methodist hymns—we complied and his son accompanied us on the violin. The cork-screw headed Indian and his family being our charmed audience. So used were we to our tent, that the old man's kind offer of his hut was courteously declined. We again embarked very early the following morning, but got no further than Batchawana Bay. We were driven ashore here by the violence of the gale, and found a most wretched camping ground among dank noxious grass, and unwholesome weeds. We were wind-bound in this pestilential place nearly the whole of the following day. The sea becoming smoother toward evening we pulled out, receiving a few heavy thumps on the bottom of our boat as we passed over a rocky shoal. The wind proved favorable, and we made the most of it, reaching Gros Cap that night, with an ugly sky in our rear, rain, and threatening storm. A sudden rush of our boatman to the sail I could not account for—with the utmost quickness, he took down the mainmast, and doubled the fore sail into half its size—both now jumped into the stern seat. They had scarcely done so, when phew! such a squall struck us that we actually flew before the wind. The swell increased so as to hide the shore from us when we were in the trough between two waves. Our bateau frequently was one third out of the water at the bow. We had only half a mile to go in order to round the Cape, when all would be safe. The shore was difficult of approach in such a sea, and we decided upon continuing. Our boat was frequently threatened with destruction by the waves astern, but our boatmen dexterously pulled with all their might and as often escaped. Things began to look generally unpleasant and startling, when the Cape was rounded and we were so far safe. Arriving at Point aux Pins we went ashore to warm ourselves with a run on the beach. Then loisting and we steered for the

RAVIDS OF SAULT STE MARIE.

It was quite dark when we reached there, and we made the unpleasant discovery that our boatmen during our run on the beach had emptied a bottle of whisky and were consequently tipsy and reckless. We felt the first motion of the current. Sails are quickly taken down, a man at the bow, another at the stern prepares for the exertion before him. We are in the rapids. Away we go like mad, through foam and spray—when, thump!—our career is suddenly checked—we are on a rock, hidden by the

darkness, or forgotten by our boatmen. Our bateau careened over, and the foam rushed over the gunwale. We were in the utmost peril. Getting all together in the stern, and pulling with all strength, she slowly slid off the rock and rapidly drifted stern foremost. Rushing to our places, we endeavored to right her, but she turned around first head, and then stern foremost. We are right at last, and rapidly approach a very vortex of foam. The men paddle as if for life and death to keep off—for we behold a signal placed to warn voyagers of danger—we strike again, but this time the shock is for our benefit, it sends us further away from the Charybdis which threatened us. We plunge down into the surge. After a brief struggle in which the boat quivers like a leaf, we mount the crest in front, and shoot over it. We are safe! A row of a mile brought us to Pimm's Hotel which never looked more comfortable than it did on this blessed night.

After a good supper, and smoke—we betook ourselves to a real christian bed, and were soon asleep. Our narrow escape in the rapids was the theme of conversation at breakfast next day. The descent of the Sault is not dangerous if made by daylight, and by sober boatmen, but I would recommend the tourist to avoid the attempt altogether. We found our fellow travellers had started home, and we followed next day—taking the route by Detroit and the Great Western Railway. But I think that by the Northern Railroad is preferable. The time we had chosen was too late for pleasure—storms are frequent on Lake Superior at this season. The month of July is perhaps the best time, and no doubt the tourist who selects an earlier period than the latter part of August, will meet with all the pleasure and none of the disagreeables here attempted to be described. We wish him *Hon Voyage*.

H. C.

Greetly on Woman's Rights.

Here is Horace Greeley's opinion of the Woman's Rights doctrine:

A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had reached that height at which it required support.

"Oak," said the vine, "bend your trunk so that you may be a support to me."

"My support," said the oak, "is a natural strength to bear you up, but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, if you have any ambition to climb as high as the clouds—While I thus hold you up you will ornament my rough bark with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as a frontlet to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior with all his plumes. We were made by the Master of Life to grow together, that by our union the weak may be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak."

"But I wish to grow independently," said the vine; "why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight and not be a mere dependent upon you?"

"Nature," answered the oak, "did not design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any great height alone, and if you try it, the wind and rain, if not your own weight, would bring you to the ground—Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and thither among the trees. The trees will begin to say it is not my vine—it is a stranger, get thee gone; I will not cherish thee. By this time you will be so entangled among the different branches that you cannot get back to the oak; and nobody will then admire and pity you."

"Ah me!" said the vine, "let me escape from such a destiny!" and with this she twined her arms around the oak, and they both grew and flourished happily together.

First Underground Railroad.

The following conversation is supposed to have taken place between a slave and his master:

"Hello there, Sambo, where are you going this evening?"

"Why, why," says Sambo, scratching his head, "I'm jest going down to de depot."

"To what depot?"

"To the U. G. depot, massa."

"Where did you learn anything about U. G. R.'s, and depots, you black rascal?"

"In de Bible, massa; de blessed Bible tell us all about it massa."

Feeling anxious to know what new theology Sambo had found in the Bible, he goes on to interrogate him.

"The Bible don't tell anything about U. G. R.'s, neither above nor below ground, you poor nigger."

"Yes massa, de Bible tell us where de fust track of de U. G. R. was laid."

"Where was it?"

"In de Red Sea, massa."

"Who laid it?"

"De Lord Almighty He Self."

"Well Sambo," (mellowing down a little) "who were de conductors on that road?"

"Moses and Aaron."

"Who were de fugitives that ran away?"

"De children of Israel, massa."

"Who were de slaveholders?"

"De Egyptians."

"Were they white or black?"

"Black, massa; dat time de slave de white man, de slaveholder de black man, ha! ha! ha! massa."

"Did they pursue de slaves?"

"Yes, massa."

"Did they take them back to slavery?"

"No massa; they couldn't catch 'em."

"Why not?"

"Because they took de track up, ha! ha! good massa, wasn't it?"

"Sambo you may go to your quarters,"—*Heleeyan*.

The Hon. John A. McDonald, during his speech at the late Ministerial Dinner in London, C. W. said: "This Province is now arrived at the threshold of nationhood knocking to get in. And we will shortly be admitted, and take our place among the nations of the earth."

Queen Victoria's Children.

The *Globe* has taken the pains to collect from the English papers an account of the manner the Queen brings up her children.

"It would seem, that the whole household is up betimes, that the young people breakfast at nine and dine at one; which hours some people think decidedly vulgar. During the forenoon they keep to their books. Then the boys are drilled in military exercises, while the girls—very appropriate—practice eplastic exercises. After this they have an hour of music and dancing. By this time the dinner is ready, and when its fogs are surmounted, the children go to the riding school, from which they proceed, the princesses

Arrival of the "Emu."

New York, August 4. The Cunard steam ship *Emu* arrived here this morning, with Havre dates to July 21st, and third edition of the London Times of the 20th. There is no later intelligence of the fighting in Spain than that furnished by the *Avila*. A Paris correspondent of the Times intimates that Espinosa may have been put under arrest by O'Donnell, as nothing was known of his whereabouts.

Advices from Florence state that a negotiation has been pending for some time between the Governments of Rome, Naples, Florence, and Modena, for the purpose of forming a Confederation of those States, under the patronage of Austria.

Consols for money, 95 1/2 a 95 3/4. For account, 7th August, 95 1/2 a 95 3/4. Parliament would probably be prorogued on the 20th.

Serious riots occurred at Aldershot Camp, on the night of the 17th and 18th, between the German troops and the 41st Regiment. Two Germans were killed, and several soldiers wounded on both sides.

The Russian ambassador at Rome, it is said, has arranged all difficulties with the Holy See, touching the nomination of Bishops for Poland.

Arrival of the "Atlantic."

New York, August 4, 1856. The *Atlantic* arrived at 6 p. m., with Liverpool dates to July 23rd.

The *Asia* arrived on the 21st July.

THE SPANISH INSURRECTION. The news relates mainly to the outbreak of civil war in Spain. The statement respecting its progress and prospects are very conflicting. It would appear that O'Donnell has prepared a strong manifesto, and has assembled in and around Madrid 18,000 troops, against the National Guards, and the citizens held their ground for thirty hours, but at length gave in and were dispersed; 200 persons were killed in the encounter. At latest dates Madrid was tranquil. Espinosa was supposed to be without the city under arrest. At Barcelona and elsewhere there had been smaller outbreaks, but they were speedily suppressed. The headquarters of the insurrectionists were at Saragossa, where Espinosa's friends had gained a victory over the garrison of citizens, and had assembled and proclaimed liberty and the constitution.

The Emperor of France had ordered a French frontier to assemble on the Spanish frontier as measures of precaution. Narvaez and other adherents of the *Is-Quem* Christians were also supposed to be on the frontier. The latest accounts state that the Cortes had removed to Aragon, where under Gen. Espartero, they intended to make war upon Queen Isabella and her ministry in the name of liberty and the constitution.

The London Times and other papers say that the insurrection was encouraged by the O'Donnell party, which is the stronghold of the liberals. It is believed that Generals Daza, Polabrida, partisans of Espartero, are at the head of the troops and national guards at Saragossa, 85 members of the Cortes, more than one-third of the whole body had formed meetings there. The despatch received at Paris says, when the news of O'Donnell's accession reached Saragossa the Captain General convened the civil authorities and officers of the national guards, and after a debate resolved on resistance.

The difficulties between Spain and Mexico have been honorably settled.

BRITAIN. The British news is unimportant. Parliament will adjourn about the 30th. The large failures alluded to in the last steamer's news were those of John Munn, cotton broker, Liverpool; Joseph Wright & Co., spinners, Stockport; Low & Co., iron, commission merchants, Manchester; and four other houses; liabilities were all large and the assets small.

The riot affairs at Aldershot had been greatly exaggerated.

Liverpool Markets.

Breadstuffs generally were firm, and a moderate business was doing. The latter grades of Flour were well maintained, but low grades had a declining tendency. For Wheat the better grades had advanced 1/2, while other descriptions were about 2d. per bushel lower. Corn was firm, but transactions small. Weather unsettled. Beef and Pork were in rather better demand, but quotations were without change. Lard wholly unchanged, and all other articles as quoted by the *Arabia*. Consols for money closed at 95 1/2.

America in Paris.

A Paris Correspondent of the Boston *Atlas* gives the following disgraceful account of the doings of his countrymen in Paris, under date June 1st:

The title of American citizen (so long a passport to favor) now raises prejudices against one in Court circles, in consequence of disgraceful scenes which stain that honored name and but few of which ever reach the public ear in the United States, although they are the gossip of all Europe. It has not been long since four or five American gentlemen were taken to the Bastille, and the tales and fables which they told to the Emperor's table at supper, making the greatest uproar, and indulging in liberties which might be pardoned only at the penultimate hour of a political claim bank. The annoyance a "scene" would cause and the fact that two of the party were prevented from being excluded from the precincts of the palace by the imperial men, drew to a close, in supporting and passing measures extremely injurious to the best interests of the French Republic, and the Court Chamberlains that there must be a mistake somewhere; they believed these brutes had surreptitiously obtained their tickets and uniforms; several detective police officers were summoned and ordered to observe these persons during the remaining period of the ball and to dig them home when they retired, that they might ascertain if indeed these persons were the people they represented. The Emperor's table was to the astonishment of the French police discovered that there was no manner of fraud. You will not be surprised when I tell you that these persons regard this whole occurrence as a "good joke," and the circumstance of their being attended home by the detective officers as "decidedly rich."

With the exception of a forcible entrance into the Emperor's supper saloon, disgusting incidents of this nature occur whenever the Emperor or the Empress give a ball. These parties are a *caricature* on the place they may visit any "spot" they please. At the last ball given at the Tuilleries, two Americans went in full court costume from the palace to the *Maison d'Or*, where they exhibited their beastly intoxication to the large throng until a late hour of the morning. Drunkenness is a vice which is confined to the most degraded of the lower classes. American ministers fail to exert the influence which belongs to them, and

which, if used might altogether, put an end to these disgraceful scenes. But though under every other circumstance of life they are gentlemen of noble, judgment and firmness, they are appalled by the very hint of a hostile vote. They cannot be reasoned out of the torridous such a threat raises: "Take away our clasp-knives, and we will never trouble you more." Every citizen of the United States, no matter how contemptible the franchise puppy may be, appears, when seen through the haze of aghast for future of a powerful representative in Congress with the Presidential election "in the House." Veilily for a nation of freedom, we are the most abject slaves that ever lived at the nod of a Czar, or truckled to the frown of an Emperor. When will we obtain in America free license and more liberty?

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